

Photo Prompt #3



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This photo, titled "Congressional hog caller," was taken in Washington, D.C. in 1937. Rep. Robert L. Mouton of Louisiana was practicing for a hog-calling contest with his counterpart from Iowa.

Wake up!

By MIA RUBINSTEIN
Grade 6, Marlboro Elementary School

Veronica (Veri) Prim was well named. When Veri woke up each morning, she would first make her antique queen size bed, fluff each of her 13 pillows (superstition is for dullards, she would say), slip on her pink silk robe, and walk down the stairs.

She would then sit, with a lace napkin spread neatly across her lap, and sip slightly caffeinated tea, and nibble on bread with an elegant smear of marmalade.

After this, Veri would dab at her face with her napkin, fold it, excuse herself from the table, and quietly walk upstairs.

This was when things got interesting.

Veri hated the way the other children (barbarians, as Veri would call them) dressed.

Veri was "most definitely the best dressed in the 5th grade", but today, because it was Veri's birthday, she decided to part from her usual red dress, white bow, matching white tights, and black lace cardigan.

"Today," she said to herself, "I am going to be a little... risqué."

Veri threw open her colossal closet with an extra pause for effect, and selected "A skirt! Just above the knees! The children will be so excited, what with their jeans, and sweatshirts, and baseball caps! This will indeed be the best birthday of my 11 years!"

She ran through her strawberry blonde hair with an ivory comb, tied her white bow, slid her backpack (purse) over her shoulder, and walked smugly to Alfred School, humming Chopin's Mazurka in C major.

Noticing the worried looks on the children's faces, Veri remembered that today was the arrival of their new principal, Mr. Slobsten.

Victor Slobsten was also well named.

When he woke up each morning, he would slip on his worn, patched suit, and drift upstairs (he lived in the basement of the house), half asleep, to where his mother was reading the newspaper. Victor would pick up a grubby old mug that read Papa Jim's All-You-Can-Eat,



THIS WEEK: Photo #3 & General

Each week, Young Writers Project receives submissions from students all over Vermont. We select the best for publication here and in 12 other newspapers. This week, we publish writing from students in response to the prompts for **Photo #3** and **General writing in any genre**. For more, go to youngwritersproject.org, a safe, civil, online community of young writers.

just seven minutes...

Vermont Writes Day
- February 7, 2012 -

Students, teachers, writers!
Can you spare just seven minutes?

Join writers across Vermont
Set aside just 7 minutes
on February 7 to write!

Respond to the suggested prompts
or write about anything you want.

More information: youngwritersproject.org

(Continued...)

pour coffee into it, and collapse at the table, where his mother would once again give him the "you-should-really-get-a-wife, you-should-move-out-into-your-own-house-after-all-you-are-forty-years-old, oh-Vikky-you-really-are-hopeless" lecture. Victor stared into space as his mother went on, and on, and on, and- "Victor! Wake up! Vikky!"

"Yaah! I'm up!" Victor jumped awake, spilling his coffee on his white shirt. "Eh, not the first stain on this ol' shirt."

"You should listen to me when I'm talking to you, Victor. You're as bad as you were in school."

"School? I forgot! Bye, Mom! I got a job! I'm the principal at Alfred School! It starts in five minutes!" His mother then burst into tears, and Victor never knew if her tears were tears of joy.

The children at Alfred School (especially Veronica Prim) were not impressed with the new principal, Mr. Slobsten. He came to school an hour late, and by the time he got there, most, if not all, the students had fallen asleep (Veri was calmly running her comb through her hair) while waiting for Mr. Slobsten to arrive and unlock the door.

"Here! I'm here! Sorry I'm late!" came an awkward, baritone voice. Some students jolted upward, some remained sleeping. Nevertheless, Veri was rhythmically running the comb through her hair. Mr. Slobsten puffed up his chest. He put his hands to his mouth.

"WAKE UP!!!" he screamed. His eyes bulged out of his head. 104 heads popped up, startled, and noticed the crazed-looking man with the plaid tie, and the brown suit standing in front of their brick school building...

To read the ending of this story and for more great writing, go to youngwritersproject.org.

YWP NEWS

YWP THIRD FRIDAY SLAM HAS MOVED! Join us at the Block Gallery atop the Winooski traffic circle! Open Mic starts at 6 p.m. Slam sign-up at 6:15. Find out more at youngwritersproject.org.

WORKSHOPS on Podcasting and a new content type: Photo Story; and Jazz Poetry from 10-2 p.m. SATURDAY, FEB. 4 at YWP in the Champlain Mill, Winooski.

YWP is supported by the generosity of foundations, businesses and individuals.

Special thanks this week to:

BAY AND PAUL FOUNDATIONS

Scream of silence

By TRINITY SMITH
Grade 8, Christ the King School

I stroll down the street, coffee in hand, glancing at the beautiful day. Songs of happiness dance in my mind as I begin to hum. I walk nearly five steps until it occurs to me that not a single noise is coming out of my mouth. Not a single sound. I try to hum louder in a small attempt to know if my voice is still there. I try. No noise. None. At all.

My mind races to figure out where my voice has traveled to. I glance around and try to listen to the buzz of many busy voices. No noise. None. As I look around, mouths are moving and so are the people, but there isn't a noise. Nowhere.

I sit down on a bench and try to gather my thoughts. I allow my eyes to close for about five seconds in an attempt to make this nightmare disappear. I open my eyes and everything begins to slow down. I blink and rub my eyes trying to figure out what is going on. When my eyes finally focus, I glance around and find that everything has stopped. Nothing is moving and everything is silent. I slowly stand up and keep myself as aware as I can to try and see any possible movement. I try to speak but not a word is released. I begin to run as I search for any noise or movement. None in sight. I pick up my hands and bring them to my mouth. I let out what would have been a scream and yelled as hard as I could, but all that comes out is a deafening scream of silence. So silent that it deafens everyone and every frozen thing in sight. I put my hands back down and continue walking down the thin paved park. As soon as I look back, everything is back in motion and all noise is back. All that it took was one deafening scream of silence.

Snow

By SAMANTHA RHEAUME
Grade 8, Benson Village School

The clouds are threatening,
The air is whipping so cold,
It feels that your breath is going to freeze in mid-air,
Cars are parked, not moving from their spot,
People inside the house,
The walls protect them,
Like a cocoon protects a butterfly,
Hot chocolate brewing,
There is a snowstorm coming.
Children jumping out of bed,
As if rockets were attached to their feet,
Adults muttering as they look out the window,
Children racing outside to play in the snow,
Adults sluggishly waddling out,
To shovel the driveway,
Children yell they don't want to ever grow up,
Adults complaining that they are not as young as they used to be,
Children tired from playing so hard,
Adults exhausted from work,
Children dreaming of the next snowstorm,
Adults dreading snowfall to come again,
Snow is melting,
Flowers and trees budding,
Grass turning greener,
Animals coming out of hibernation.
Children sad that winter has passed,
But soon get over it, while splashing in a puddle,
Adults thankful that winter is gone,
But that feeling soon passes,
As muddy footprints are placed all over the house,
Points of view seem,
So different when you get older!

50 words

By CONNOR HILL
Grade 8, Poultney High School

Everybody falls.

There is not one person in the world that has done everything perfectly.

But, when two people fall, the difference between the one who fails, and the one who succeeds, is that one of them stands back up.

50 words can inspire any person. Will this inspire you?

NEXT PROMPT

Anywhere. If you could go anywhere, where would it be? Write a story or poem about this place and why it is so special. **Alternate: General.** Send us your best writing in any genre. **Due Feb. 10.**

For more prompts and more great writing, go to youngwritersproject.org.